NEW SERIES.--VOL. 4.

WINCHESTER, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA: THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1861.

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THE

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,

WINCHESTER, IND.

DICCS & DYNES,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION-

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In Memoriam.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. I sometimes hold it half a sin To put in words the grief I feel,

For words, like nature, half reveal

And half conceal the Soul within. But, for the unquiet heart and brain, A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise,

Likedull narcoties, numbering pain. In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,

Like coarsest clothes against the cold; But that large grief which these infold Is given in outline and no more. One writes, " Other friends remain,"

That " Loss is common to the race,"--And common is the commonplace, And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make My own less bitter, rather more: Too common! Never morning wore To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be, Who pledgest now thy gallant son; A shot, ere half thy draught be done, Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed, His beavy-shotted hammock-shroud Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought At that last hour to please him well; Who mused on all I had to tell, And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home; And ever met him on his way With wishes, thinking, here to-day, Or here to-morrow will he come.

O, somewhere, meek unconscious dove, That sittest 'ranging golden hair; And glad to find thyself so fair. Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows In expectation of a guest; And thinking "this will please him best," She takes a ribbon or a rose:

For he will see them on to night; And with the thought her color burns; And, having left the glass, she turns Once more to set a ringlet right;

And even when she turned, the curse Had fallen, and her future Lord Was drowned in passing through the ford, Or killed in falling from his horse. O, what to her shall be the end? And what to me remains of good !

And unto me, no second friend. When I Mean To Marry.

To her, perpetual maidenhood,

BY JOHN G. SANE. When do I mean to marry?-Well-"Tis idle to dispute with fate; But if you choose to tell. Pray listen while I fix the date:-

When daughters hasten with eager feet, A mother's daily toil to share; Can make the puddings which they eat. And mend the stockings which they wear:

When maidens look upon a man As himself they would marry, And not as army soldiers scan A suttler or a commissary:

When gentle ladies who have got The offer of a lover's hand, Consent to share his "earthly lot," And do not mean his lot of land

When young mechanics are allowed To find and wed the farmers' girls, Who don't expect to be endowed With rubies, diamonds and pearls:

When wives, in short, shall freely give Their hearts and hands to aid their spouse And live as they were wont to live Within their sires' one story houses,

Then, madam-if I'm not to old-Rejoiced to quit this lonely life. I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,

The Treason Among us.

to be used against the Government, has thrown them into a state of great consternation. The pocket and became silent and sober faced. fact is, the indifference of our citizens has so em a consciousness of their guilt, and a just dread vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart. has greatly terrified them, and by the early trains with him." limits of the State, when he stopped and tele- satisfaction. the law. Rail Road, Steamship, and Express beauty had faded. Companies are also becoming very cautious about should take them in hands. A Hartford banker and an arms manufacturer from Chicoppe are, we hear, very much afraid that their conduct (the former in making advances for the purchase of arms, and the latter for selling them to rebelljous States) will be made the subject of judicial inquiry; for, from the extent of their operations,

they would unquestionably fare badly, The steamship State of Georgia, belonging to the Philadelphia and Savannah Steam Naviga. said to herself. This idea affected her un- ing the other bilis which she had paid. And tion Company, which came here last week, is said pleasantly. "He grows more silent and now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you to be intended for a war steamer for the State of reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind like my dress? Isn't it beautiful;" Georgia, and to have been sent to this port to be of feverish excitement, became active in a new We leave the explanation and scene that folstrengthened for that purpose. This rumor should direction. "More indrawn, as it were, and less lowed, to the reader's imagination. If any fair word. Let us pray for one who will in future, it recive prompt attention. It would also be well interested in what goes on around him. His lady; however, who, like Ada, has been drawing God spares his life, be burdened beyond measure.' for the Grand Jury to ascertain by whom and coldness chills me at times, and his irritation too heavily on her husband's slender income, for upon what authority offers were made witain a hurts me." day or two for the purchase of several of our She drew a long sigh. Then, with an almost let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it to the Presidency? stoutest harbor lighters, with a view to their being transformed into Alabama gun-boats, to be trast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant which South Carolina intends to destroy the open it, and we will see how it sounds, used at Mobile against the Government of the three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober- things, but they are too dearly bought when they Union is Bu-chanan, the Northwich Bulletin United States. The Circuit Court of the United faced husband of to-day.

giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and a strict The letter was in her hand. adherence to the letter of their duty will no in articles contraband in war .- N. Y. Tribune.

Sober Second Thought.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So, don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything Whitman had almost compelled her husband to "Yes, as sober as a man on trial for his life.

clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are?" "How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whit-

man. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent. "About forty dollar ," was salvered, with ust a litt'e faltering in the la lies viace, for she k ter the sum would sound x'ray att.

"Forty dollars! why, Aua, uo you tame . am made of money?" Mr. Whitmin's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression. "I declere, Charles," said his wife, a little im-

married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven ing cloud had not passed from his brow. during the same period, and every one of hers of Here is the money for the new dress," he Every eye was riveted upon him yesterday for cost more than mine. I know you think me ex- said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest more than two hours, and every syllable he uttravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some pocket, and handed them to Ada, as he came in. tered was treasured up and measured for its bear-

out the difference before long." fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner precious to the young wife than a hundred silk sionally surged from outward pressure in the time, that is, if--"

"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you dear! my wishes." I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskin's vesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone.

You won't disappoint me?" And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with

sweet persusaion in her face. "O no, you shall have the money," said Mr. thought, a little abruptly, and burrying from her to smile presence. In his precipitation he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always," said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound house. A few moments she stood, with at once a cloud in the sky."

"Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally "Can I say a word with you?" She spoke to ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thought- the owner of the store, who knew her very well. him. "I promised to pay Thomson's coal bill the lower end of one of the long show-cases. burned up and more must be ordered. O, dear, case, said, at the same time holding out the bill his slander and abuse! I am discouraged. Every year I fall behind, she had taken from the envelope addressed to This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, her husbandthat hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I pay you beside."

fear." And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because he said:

unduly excited. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, His face were a pleasant expression. which was in a bold, masculine hand, and said "How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. duce the South under a military despotism. He lounging, careless guit, the previous evening. to herself:

"I wonder who this can be from." Something more than curiosity moved her. been directed toward the traitors among us, city letter. A few times, of late, such letters not been paid. Good morning, sir."

charge of Judge Smalley has awakened them to the time of late, presented itself with unusual er's, and settled for her last bonnet.

South. Among these conscious-smitten fellows he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman back, Charles, as if you were afraid." was Gen. R. T. Tom, an agent for the State of entered upon some household duties, but a "Shall my Ada become lost to me," he said, for you may die-your property may be burned, Alabama, who ran away so fast that he forgot to strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon ber in his heart-"lost to me in a world of folly, or some other providential circumstance may the table, lingering, chatting, till Lizprovide for the forwarding of his contraband heart-a sense of impending evil-a vague fashion and extravagance?" purchases, till he had put himself beyond the troubled disturbance of her usual inward self- "Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large money." How do you know that? Who gave parlors, in their pretty glow of tasty arrange-

"If I only knew what that letter contained," jeweler's bill. receiving unlawful freights, lest the Grand Jury she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come a little. down upon it, so strangely, as it seemed to her. She went to the mantel-piece, took up the let. He flushed and grew eager. ter, and examined the subscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that ed the bill. I would have paid for damage, but its contents were of a nature to trouble her he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing."

our citizens of the danger which they incur in "What can it be"

ing the bill. He was a jeweler.

cuses instead of my money." The bill was for the lady's watch, which Mrs.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the Why it's as long as the moral law. There dear, little woman in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

> Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thinking, a second letter for her husband came in from the tion. Another bill and another dunning letter!

standing for three or four months. amount of thinking for her little head. She feets and he never fails to leave the imression of "I've only had three silk dresses since we were saw the very moment he entered, that the morn- superior ability, scholarship, thought and sagac-

women I could name. I rather think you'd find He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old way. ing, as words were never weighed in that cham-"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this or a smile just then would have been more of the human sea in the galleries, which occadresses. She took the money, saying.

quiry into her face. But she turned aside, so mood

that he could not read its expression. He was grave and more silent than usual, and eat with searcely any appearance of appetite. "Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman,

"Are you impatient to have me admire your Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she new silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort "Yes. It will be something splendid," she 'recreant of the Lincoln party,"

answered. He turned off from her quickly, and left the

room and commenced dressing to go out. store on Broadway.

less Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after "Certainly," he replied; and they moved to to-day-thirty-three dollars-but don't know Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's where the money is to come from. The coal is watch and chain, and laving them on the show-

but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of "I can not afford to wear this watch; my hus- floating around loose in secession circles here, said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice. the day, there's an end to that devoutly to be band's circumstances are too limited. I tell you is a story that Hon. Wm. Aiken has been made wished for circumstance. Debt, debt! How I so frankly. It should never have been purchased, to 'disgorge in aid of the cause much against his with a kiss,' said her husband, crossing the room surrounded by all the luxury in the country.' have always shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it but a too indulgent husband yielded to the im- will' as follows: He was notified that he was ex. to her side; and Lizzie's heart bounded, as she said the father. is closing its briarlan arms around me, and my portunities of a very foolish young wife. I say pected to advance \$40,000 to that end, and plead recognized the old lover's tones and manner. constricting chest labors in respiration. O, if I this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet his right to advance or not, as he might please; Not one fretful speech, not one complaint, fell eat, drink or wear, now, said the old woman, could but disentangle myself now, while I have the case, if you can do se in fairness to yourself. adding that he did not have the money. He upon William's ear through the meal. The

see-if I could only make her understand rightly The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The under penalty of having it raised by the im ant subject she could think of, warming by his 'Why, she's gone off and got married to my position. But alas! alas! that is hopeless, I case took him a little by surprise. He stood for

Not long after Mr. Whitman left home, the "Will that do?" He had come forward again, man carpenter at the North, shoving a jack-plane thing substantial, for I don't expect to dine city postmaster delivered a letter to his address. and now presented her with the bill receipted. at \$2 per day wages, than the South Carolina Good bye,' and the smiling look, warm kiss, and

Whitman, drawing out her pocket book "Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of Whitman, with a feeling trembling in her voice. putation of being disaffected to the cause .disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my We learn that the attention which has recent. for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a husband. It's no fault of his that this bill has

who are buying and selving arms and ammunition have come to his address, and she had noticed Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face and that he read them hurriedly, thrust them into his went, with a light step and a light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over receiving her watch was not to be compared with refuse or neglect to do so, at any time, would be boldened these people that they allowed them- again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as that now felt at parting with it. From the jewelselves to exercise much less discretion than for- she did so, the image of her husband, sober- er's she went to the bootmaker's and paid the bill merly in their treasonable dealings. But the faced and silent, as he had become for most of of twenty-five dollars; from thence to the millin-

of the condign consequences which must follow. "Poor Charles," she said, as the feeling in- said Mrs. Whitman gaily, as she drew her arm Our personal reference to some of these gentry creased, "I'm afraid something is going wrong within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bed-room, and Suppose you are busy. You are not too busy to He may always be found at his office or residence on Wednesday a number of them left for the Placing the letter on the mantle-piece, where let me show it. Come along! Don't hang neglect such a moral obligation. "I will attend done.

graphed to the New York house, telling them If the thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as change. The brightness of her countenance had how to ship them. We learn that the merchants was natural to the elegant silk dress of which she departed. She took something, in a hurried way matter. 'He is rich, and den't need small sums.' watched her fingers busy with some fancy needle. are not a little puzzled how to act, not wishing was to become the owner on that day, she did not from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, to break a profitable bargain, nor thinking it al- feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experitogether safe to trust their necks within reach of enced a little while before. Something of its leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and may cost him thousands? 'I can't stand such a

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she "And this is receipted also; and this," hand-

startling vividness, came before her mind in con- she will find a new and glad experience in life. States in this District, and the Grand Jury there "Something has gone wrong with him!" she mental disquietude or alienation. Too often the body wants to see discharged." of, have already effected much good by warning said aloud, as the feeling grew stronger. gay young wife wears them as the sign of these | Outland & Buckner have a new advertise-

homes are precious things; too precious to be "This may give me light." And with careful burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of doubt effectually stop the trade with the South Engers she opened the envelope, not breaking show. Keep this in mind, oh ye fair ones, who the paper, so that she could seal it again if she have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do desired to do so. There was a hill for sixty dol- not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. lars, and a communication from the person send. Rich clothing, costly laces and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts unshad-"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I oved by care, Take the lesson and live by it, "I must have it, Charles," said the handsome shall put the account in suit. It has been stand rather than offer another illustration, in your own ing for over a year; and I am tired of getting ex- experience, of the folly we have been trying to expose and rebuke.

Mr. Seward.

Of Mr. Seward, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Gazette, says:

Unlike Mr. Webster, who was always carefu

that the 'outer man' should be in keeping with the occasion, he appeared in his rough and ready suit of grey, without any evidence of preparation or care. Mr. Seward is not imposing in presence penny postman. She opened it without hesita- of person. Few members of the Senate would arrest the eye of the stranger less at first sight "Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated or more after he once becomes known. His voice the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dol. is husky, his elecution bad, and his gestures are lars for gaiters and slippers, which had been altogether unattractive. At times, when he at tempts to give physical emphasis to some forcible "This will never do!" said the awakening wife and finished thought, the effort seems almost -"never-no, never!" And in a resolute way, grotesque there is such little apparent sympathy she thrust the two letters into her pocket, between the mind and the manner of the man patiently, "you look at me as if I were an object From that hour until the return of her husband His intellect and his finished culture, however, of fear instead of affection. I don't think this at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual invariably triumph over these strong natural de-

> But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss ber before. Except from the great ground-swell halls and lobbies, not a tone of voice was lost "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to regard upon the assembled multitude. There were passages of touching eloquence which thrilled all Something in Ada's voice and manner caused hearts, and exacted the generous tribute of tears Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes with a look of in. from many eyes not much given to the melting

> > Parson Brownlow's Biography of a Secessionist.

In a late number of the Knoxville Whig, Mr. Brownlow thus sums up the sins and sorrows of as she walked to the door with her husband after the editor of the Columbiana (Tenn.) Chronicle: This Locofoco Disunion sheet, published in Alabama, and edited by John W. McRae, is out upon the editor of the Knoxville Whig, as a

REPLY .- The editor was born and raised South Carolina-removed to St. Clair County, Alabama, where he took up a school, got his pay of the closing street door came jarring upon her thoughtful face, her mind indrawn, and her and abandoned the school before it was out! He ears. "Just say money to Charles, and there is whole manner changed. Then she went to her read law at Asheville, Alabama, and failing to get practice, he turned Methodist preacher-was She sat down pouting, and more than half Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry turned out of church-removed to Columbiaturned Whig-afterwards went into a Democratic Convention-said in a speech if God would forgive him for voting the Whig ticket, he never would do so again! He was caught on the street by the boys, who administered baptism to him with a bucket of slop from a kitchen! He now edits a secession paper. This is our reply to all

How They Raise the Wind.

Among the items of news from Charleston mediate confiscation and sale of his property in gratified interest and cordial manner. nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, Charleston, worth many times as much. To 'You will be home to dinner!' she said as save that from utter destruction, he did raise the went out. "You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. forced loan having carned him the dangerons re-

Washington News, Jan. 16.

Pay Your Debts. At such a moment as the present every man who has the money, or can raise it in any way? should promptly liquidate his obligations. To wrong, but now such neglect or refusal is a double and inexcusable wrong. One dollar set in motion may pay fifty times the amount of debt in a very few days. Few people realize this "I know you're dying to see my new dress," matter of debt-paying as they should. They have no conscience on the subject. They excuse themselves by saying they are "very busy." stood ready to welcome William, as he came in; to it in a day or two." You don't know that, Indeed! and is that your excuse? How do you work, and listened to the cheerful voice he had lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the rate of exchange," You are bound to stand it, 'A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how for while in business you must take all its risks. "It is a receipt, you see." Her voice fluttered If you can't stand the exchange, how do you expect your creditors can stand your delinquency? "Ada! how is this! What does it mean?" 'If he wants money he has only to go to the bank." Well, that will do. When a man lets "I returned the watch, and Mr. R -- receipt himself down to such a level, he had better 'snuff the candle,' and desert the ranks of business men. Now, readers, this brief article is not in my house." intended for 'foreign lands,' nor for your 'neighbor,' nor for 'people generally,' but for you-

vourself Do von hear?- N. Y. Independent, At the close of a business letter from Spring. I wonder if you love music as much as you did field, the writer says: "We have lived eleren then?" years on the corner opposite Mr. Lincoln's iouse, and have never heard him speak an angry This is a high tribute to the President elect .-And who will not join the writer in prayer for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, the man who, at such a time as this, is brought

Somebody having said that the cannon with come as the price of a husband's emparrasment, responds: "Yes, and that's the cannon every-

unhappy conditions. Tranquid hearts and suppy ment in to-day's paper

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Out again to night ?" said Mrs. Haves, fret fully, as her husband rose from the tea table,

and donned his great coat. 'Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I I shall be in early, leave a light in the library, Good night, and, with a careless nod, William

Haves left the room. 'Always the way,' murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa, out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we've been married only two years, but glaneing back, he saw his little wife pear the No man can have a more orderly house, I am fire place, her hands clasped, her head bent, and travagant , and yet I don't believe he loves me side her in an instant. any more. Oh! dear, why is it! I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for money, and he must have ter?" loved me then -- why does he treat me with so

Let me paint her picture as she lay there, give and love me." She was blon le, with a small graceful figure, dearly I love you!" and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a thought : rich knot at the back ; 'It was such a bother to curl it, she said; her cheek was pale, and her I have learned how to keep him?" whole face wore a discontented expression . Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper; but she wore neither collar nor sleeves; 'What's the use of

dressing up just for William?" awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the, ago, came to a lone log but on the prairies, near clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the Cairo; and there halted. He went into the house long interval still to be spent alone before bed of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty

The library was just over the room in which chairs and disabled stools graced the reception she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the room, the dark walls of which were further ornsregisters, a voice came to the young wife's mented with a display of dirty tinware and a bro-

change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who supported by the palms of his hands, wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining Not a word greeted the interloper, all the evening about her troublesome servants, 'Welt,' said he, 'you seem to be in an awful and her headache, and all sorts of bothers? She's trouble here; what's up?"

looked in the glass. If not exactly dowdy, her taken aback by this polite rebuff, but can I be costume was certainly not suitable for an even- of any service to you in all this trouble?' only William to admire. She rose, and softly left us,' said the man, in toucs of despair. went to her own room with bitter, sorrowful 'Ah! do you know what induced her to leave thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her you?' remarked the new arrival. husband's heart, and, then, his love regained. Well we can't say stranger, as how she's so

The next morning, William came into the disgraced us,' remarked the afflicted father, A pretty chintz, with neat collar and sleeves of the West, than was my Sal; she's gone and snowy muslin, and a wealth of soft, full curls, brought ruin on us and on her own head, now, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush followed the grief-stricken mother. her husband's admiring glance called up to her 'Who has she gone with?' asked the visitor. cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first | Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have William thought there must be a guest, but done well, and might have married Kehoc, a glancing he found they were alone.

the strength of early manhood, and the bonds Take back the watch, and say how much I shall was then promptly notified that he had been newspaper, his usual solace at that hour, lay unassessed that amount and must promptly pay it, touched, as Lizzie chatted gayly on every pleas- stranger.

his heart beat quicker and his thoughts were "Wait a moment," and went to a desk near amount demanded, and in paying it remarked Can't to-day, Lizzie, I have business out of that his lot would be better if he was a journey- town, but I ll be home early to tea. Have somemillionaire he was before it was essayed to re- lively whistle, wore a marked contrast to his is now 'one of the suspected;' his course in I am in the right path,' said Lizzie, in a low refusing to seem to be pleased with paying the whisper, 'Oh! what a fool I have been

Lizzie loved her bushand with real wifely devotion, and her lip would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie thinking, 'He shan't find any parlors more at-

tractive than his own, I am determined.' Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure, in a tasty, bright silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile. and tea time passed as the morning's meal had

i auser, i cum from nu jerst, or rode Hand, or After tea, there was no movement, as usual. orgy, as the case ma be; then he puts on ares, toward the hat-rack. William stood up beside happen to prevent it. "Oh, he don't want the zie also rose. She led him to the light, warm cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a you that piece of information? Nothing but the ment, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. voice or message of your creditor can settle that He felt as if he was courting over again, as he

> 'What are you making, Lizzie?' much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh!

ever so long ago?" 'I remember; black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wish time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little mu- ker hill monyumint, sie she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance; then she said:

'Of course I do. I often drop in at Miss Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music.' 'I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting. But you always say you are out of practice

when I ask you." 'I had the piano tuned this morning. Now, I am unckal 2 the task.

and was a very fair performer on the piano.

Ballads, Lizzie"

'Oh! yes; I know you dislike opera music in a

One song after another, with a nocturas, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantle clock struck eleven! Eleven! I thought it was about nine. ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly, I

can scarcely believe it is so late." The plane was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; sure; and I never go anywhere, I am not a bit ex. large tears falling fro : her eyes. He was be-

> *Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the mat "Oh! William, I have been such a bad wifet

much neglect ?' and with her mind filled with I heard you tell Mr. Moore, last evening how I such fretful queries. Lizzie Hayes fell asleep had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will only for-'Love you! Oh! Lizzie, you can not guess how

'I have won him back again! Better than that,

As the little wife lay down that night, she

How Sal Disgraced the Family

A WESTERN SKETCH. Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and she A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years packing box for a table, while two or three old

ken delf article or two. 'Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was The woman was crying in one corner, and the disappointed, and I must have pleasure some- man with the tears in his eyes, and a pine in his where. Who would have fancied that Lizzie mouth, sat on on a stool with his dirty arms rest-Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, could ing on his knees, and sorrowful-looking head

got the knack of that drawling while so pat, that, 'Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor,' said the 'pon my life, I don't believe she can speak pleas- woman, 'and we ain't got no patience to see folks Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She 'That is all right," said the visitor, not much

ing, even if it were an evening at home with . 'Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and

far lost as to be induced, but then she gone and breakfast-room, with his usual careless manner. 'Yes, neighbor, and not as I should cav it as is but a bright smile came on his lip as he saw Lizzie. her mother, but there want a pootier gal in all

capital shoemaker, who, although he's got but 'Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold,' one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home 'It must cool till you sweeten my breakfast and what a life she has deserted. She was here

> 'Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to 'And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?' quoth the

critter called an editor, as lives in the village, he and the devil only knows how they are going to

earn a living.'

Sublime and Ridiculous. Most of our readers have seen and admired Mr. Seward's impressive contrast between our present greatness and the insignificance of a divided confederacy. The Knightstown Guardian embodies the same ideas in the following ludicrous garb, affording almost the best illustration of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous' that we have seen in a long time:

who wants a too cent letter 2 cost a 14? let 'em go for seseshun! who'd like too have a pass 4th evvery time be travils or goes cunvwares? (2 sa if he's got a wooden leg, or fals teeth, or died in his hare

let him go for sesssian!

let 'em go for sessshun!

who likes tarr and fothers?

but let seseshuu come along, and spose i go to travil in some forrin countre? as some as i set my fute on the Spotk soil, up cums sum tiranick Monerk 2 mc and he sais: who air you? what can i sa?

and sais what's vure navy? and yure army? and and chko ansers, 'scarse'r enny;' then what

he spits upon mel he treats me with kontempt!

but as things is, if i go ennywares & ennybode kwestans me, i raise miself up, i put mi &s under mi kote tales, i take a look round and i sa-

i am a sittesen of Columbier, the jem of the oshun, and so 4th.) i am a sovrin people!

tuch me if yn darst! And tha darsent; of they did, the a Merecan egle which as I fute on the rok of gibberalter, and the other on bun-

an flaps his wing from kape kod 2 kaleforny. wood arise, & skreechin like thunder, wood desend upon them like 1000 briks.

and tare me from thrre reamhorselis grasp. butt what of there aint no role? i'll maik I mger a Peal: what's 2 become of the fourth of July and the

but my felins is 2 much for me on that sub

shutin kracker busines?

i am a enneme too tirants!

William obeyed joyfully, and, tossing aside her One hundred and fifty colored men, the sewing, Lizzie took the piano-stool. She had a Charleston Mercury says, have offered their very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, services to defend the harbor. These negroes will not give up their right to be slaves without